

The Ypsilantian

NINTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1888.

NUMBER 443.

SCHOOL IS OUT.

Anniversary Exercises of the High School.

THIRTY-FIFTH NORMAL COMMENCEMENT.

Largest Class Ever Graduated Here.

Class Days and Society Reunions—The Conservatory of Music and the Training School—Commencement Day and the Banquet.

Closing Exercises at St. John's Parochial School.

THE YPSILANTI HIGH SCHOOL.

A brilliant audience of pupils, patrons and friends of the High School filled the large chapel hall to overflowing, last Friday night, on the occasion of the graduating exercises of the class of '88. Festoons and wreaths of green, and the class motto—"Persevere and Win"—adorned the room, and the bright faces and cool, white dresses of the young ladies (if anything in such weather might be called cool) made the scene most animating. Alumni and invited guests occupied seats on the platform, with the Faculty and Board of Education, and the graduating class, composed of the following students:

Alex. B. Hardy, Richard R. Putnam, Sue Hopkins, Watson Snyder, Jr., Flora B. Miller, John H. Thompson, Lizzie E. Moore, Walter G. Wallace, Blanche E. Mott, L. May Webb, Hattie Pattison.

After music by the High School Choir, which the training of Prof. Foote has brought to a high state of proficiency, the Rev. J. L. Cheney invoked the divine blessing. Music followed, and interspersed the exercises of the evening, Mrs. T. C. Owen contributing one solo.

Ten members of the class had parts assigned upon the programme, and performed them well. "Call a Spade a Spade," was the title of the introductory essay, by Miss Miller, in which she remonstrated against the use of slang and the needless employment of foreign words, and pleaded for simplicity of style, enforcing the subject by her own good example.

Mr. Snyder was excused from presenting his oration on Kaiser William, and Mr. Wallace, with "Unknowns," for his subject, found in the chemical unknowns the suggestion of the unknowns in the wide world of daily life, and adured continuous watchfulness of undefined springs of action that, often unrecognized, move us in erratic courses.

Miss Webb gave some entertaining glimpses of Mexican Life, derived from a visit to New Mexico, in which she seemed to confound the Spanish Mexican and the Aztec.

Mr. Thompson employed notably good forms of expression and forcible style, in his oration on Cooperative Industry. He recognized a legitimate and an illegitimate cooperation, the one beneficial, the other a hurtful conspiracy.

Miss Moore discoursed upon Early Rising, in tones that were not intelligible at the rear of the stage, but gained applause from those in front.

"Fire Burns to Ashes," was Miss Mott's title. Light and heavy words produce fire and ashes of differing qualities and value. Men's deeds are fire, fed by the character within, which determines the value of the product. Garfield and Poe represented two widely contrasted classes; and the story of the ashes of Wyckliff was employed with good effect.

Mr. Putnam pleaded for a place for The Inventor among the world's high benefactors, and forcibly contrasted the Wattses and Moores with the Napoleons and Alexanders. His delivery was distinct and manner, excellent.

Miss Hopkins wrote charmingly and justly of The Hero of Harper's Ferry, and her own observations at that historic spot last year. Reforms are born of fanatics, lunatics and cranks, so-called, and John Brown, fanatic and lunatic though he be called, inaugurated the war which freed the slave.

"Get Work," was Mr. Hardy's injunction, and most admirably did he enforce it, in the closing oration of the evening. The value and nobility of work—value to the worker as well as to the world—admonish all to be workers, and not drones; to leave upon the world the impress of their faithful endeavor, and not drop out unmissed, unhonored, unremembered.

Superintendent Putnam's remarks, in presenting the diplomas, harmonized well with the tone of the last oration. It is not stuperbous abilities, but stuperbous purposes of work, that must determine the value of a life. The world owes a living to no one. The world owes nothing. You owe everything to the world—all that you have and all that you are—as the result of the labor of workers who have preceded, and the debt demands the devotion of a lifetime to repaying.

After the presentation of a great profusion of flowers, books, and other gifts to the graduates, the exercises closed with the benediction by the Rev. Mr. Ellis.

THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

"It is good to be here," the words upon the blackboard at the rooms of the Students' Christian Association last Sunday afternoon, recorded the sentiment which beamed from every face in that large assembly, and was expressed from the lips of all of the speakers. It was the final meeting of the Association for the school year, and the beginning of the anniversary occasions of the Commencement season. Conservatory Hall was crowded. Miss Rogers led the meeting, in which there was prompt and general participation all over the house. Many who spoke were

alumni, returned from one or more years' absence, and the common testimony of all to the incalculable and enduring value of the meetings of the Association, in the individual life, gave the most conclusive proof of the wisdom of its establishment and the faithfulness of its management. And the reach of its influence is infinite—communicated from life to life so long as any life shall last in this world, and so far beyond as those lives shall go—having no limit of duration nor bound of space. One student referred to the deep religious influence exerted upon him as a pupil in the high school at home, through a teacher graduated from the Normal and inspired by this Christian Association; and so they go out into those fields all over this land and in other lands—those fields where as teachers of youth they are charged with the highest and most sacred of all responsibilities—carrying with them the inspiration to nobility of thought and purpose and achievement which the Association so signally imparts, and which they in turn impart again to those who shall form society and governments hereafter. When we consider what that inspiration is, and what are its fruits, we realize that there is no department of the Normal School more important than the Students' Christian Association, composed entirely of the students themselves and managed exclusively by them, without any agency of the authorities of the school or of the state.

THE BACCALAUREATE.

Sunday evening, June 24, a crowded house greeted our Normal friends, to listen to the baccalaureate sermon by the Principal, Prof. J. M. B. Sill. The Faculty and distinguished guests filled the rostrum, while in the rear of the room were seated the Normal choir, numbering about 75. Their music enlivened the occasion and exhibited great proficiency and excellent execution. The musical talent of the Normal is justly famous and speaks volumes for the fidelity of Prof. Pease and his assistants in their training. After the usual introductory exercises, Principal Sill addressed the class in eloquent and earnest words which should linger with them through life as an inspiration and a guide in the discharge of responsible duties. They were the words of the true teacher, and bespoke a zeal born of conscience and tempered by long and successful contact with the great world into which he bade the young people of the class to go with courageous hearts and willing service. We are glad to publish the sermon entire, trusting that it will be read with profit and cherished among the sacred memories of school life. It will be found elsewhere in this paper.

At the close of the sermon, Prof. Putnam came forward and, in tender and most feeling words, spoke briefly concerning the sudden and sorrowful death of Mr. James A. Marks, who was a member of the class about to graduate. He also read appropriate resolutions adopted by the Faculty, expressing their appreciation of Mr. Marks' character as a student and his fidelity as a Christian, and their sympathy for those upon whom the dark shadow of affliction had fallen.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

Notwithstanding the rain falling at the time appointed for the graduating exercises of the Training Department of the Normal School, Monday morning, the hall was comfortably filled with students and visitors and the exercises began promptly at 9 a. m., the designated hour. Twenty boys and girls of the grammar grade and sixteen of the primary grade, all in holiday attire, formed an attractive circle on the rostrum, intent on doing the duty assigned them, and evidently well trained "to know the occasion."

The exercises opened with a piano duet and was followed by the reciting of the twenty-third psalm by the school. The program consisted of recitations and declamations with an amusing dialogue entitled, "A Piece of News," in which it appeared that in answer to the general demand for news when there was none, one of the bright little Misses took it upon herself to manufacture items to suit the occasion, and succeeded so well that the whole company were interested, astonished and delighted for several minutes. After gratifying their curiosity for so long a time, she coolly told them that it was all fiction and so furnished food for another craving in human nature, namely "to be shocked," at the perversity some folks will show when occasion demands. The whole performance was skillfully executed and the same may be said of all the exercises. There must have been great fidelity on the part of teachers and scholars alike, for thorough preparation was evinced by every participant. We should be glad to give a special notice of each performance but our space is too limited. We give them all hearty commendation. The music was furnished by the different departments, under the direction of Mr. C. H. Palmer, and Miss Ruth S. Putnam, students of the Normal Conservatory.

The specimens of map drawing displayed upon the blackboards of the training school, are remarkable, when we consider that they are done wholly from memory, by the pupils of the 6th, 7th and 8th grades. Most adult people, with maps before them, would find difficulty in executing many of the maps of Europe and South America.

The following are the graduates from the two departments:

GRADUATE DEPARTMENT.
Julia F. Bellows, Lillie Lee, Alice L. Bobbit, Harry Moore, Mabel L. Casey, Flora Patterson, Jennie B. Farnam, Roba B. Page, Herbert Flowers, Jennie M. Richards, Edna M. Geer, Joseph Sill, Ernest F. Goodrich, Minnie Wilber, Emma M. Holbrook, Bertha D. Wilber, Florence E. Hayden, Lee Yackley, Laura S. Jenness, Archie McNeel.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.
Forest Brown, Harry Morehouse, Fred Draper, Lucile Newton, Felix Duffey, Blanche Root, Bessie Ellis, Hattie Root, Eugene Edison, Harold F. Smith, Frank Johnson, George E. Sherman, Don Lawrence, Mildred S. Smith, Chester B. Loomis, Harry Showers.

JUNIOR CLASS DAY.

It was three quarters of an hour after the appointed time of 7:30 Monday evening, when the Junior Class filed into their seats on the platform of Normal Hall, and received the welcome of the assembled audience. The program of the occasion was as follows:

Vocal Solo—Salvie Marie, B. St. James.
Invocation, Rev. J. L. Cheney.
Ladies' Quartette—The Rustic Dance, Misses Childs, Watson, Ostrander and Hegardt.
Salutatory, Ida M. Robins.
Vocal Duet—Trust her not, Messrs. Palmer, Key, L. D. Remington.
Recitation—Hannibal at the Altar, K. Maud Cady.
Vocal (1. When the first red roses bloom, 2. My home, Misses Chapman, Bellows.
Class Poem, Minnie Pattison.
Declaration—To the Ursa Major, A. L. Marvin.
Organ Solo—Overture, Walter Hewitt, Jr.
Essay—Courtesy, Minnie F. Coleman.
Oration—A Page of American History, P. F. Trowbridge.

Male Quartette—The Young Revere, Messrs. Smith, Nichols, Spaulding, Thompson.
Class Prophecy, L. Grace Otis.
Class Song, F. J. Hendershot, Junior Class.
Benediction.

The vocal duet and organ solo were enjoyed, and all of the parts were applauded. Mr. Hendershot presided with modest dignity. Miss Robins delivered her salutatory in clear tones and with ready and distinct utterance. The historian, after the usual harmless nonsense, declared that justice to the four-year graduates demands the throwing out of the three-year courses, and closed with a feeling allusion to the death of Miss Nettie Morrison.

Mr. Marvin did justice to the grand and lofty composition that he chose. Mr. Trowbridge eloquently and justly characterized the disgrace and infamy of our war upon Mexico, the greatest national crime in our history, excepting the crime of slavery, of which it was the product.

Miss Otis, like Silas Wegg, had a habit of dropping into poetry, and with her quaint intonation she made her Prophecy highly entertaining. It was more meritorious than the average of its class.

The cooler air that the rain of the afternoon had brought, contributed greatly to the comfort of the audience, and the evening was much enjoyed.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Tuesday morning occurred the closing exercises of the Conservatory of Music. The extreme length of the program detracted somewhat from its general excellence. Among the vocal numbers, we may especially mention the solos by Misses Champion and Chamberlain, and Becker's charming "Springtime" by Miss Leda Bellows. Mr. Spaulding's fine voice was very effective in "The flower may hide her lovely face," and Miss Mamie Latson received the only encore given, for her beautiful rendering of De Pina's "Gaily Chant the Summer Birds." Miss Seeger of Ann Arbor sang a delightful Swiss "Echo Song," with unusual grace. The instrumental numbers were nearly double the vocal. Of them Miss Strong's organ solo, and the piano solos of Misses Wilber, Gay, Lee, Dickerson and Green, and Mr. Woodford deserve particular notice. The exercises fittingly closed with Back's fine "Hymn to Music."

ART DEPARTMENT.

The exhibit presented by Prof. Goodison's classes in drawing is worth seeing. The walls of the large room are covered with specimen drawings, the unaided work of students who twenty weeks ago were beginners. The work of the advanced class would do credit to a school of technology. Prof. Goodison is not only an artist himself, but he knows how to teach drawing, as the progress made by his pupils attests.

SENIOR CLASS DAY.

Tuesday afternoon the Seniors met in Normal Chapel and entertained for an hour or so, the large audience which paid their respects to the class on that occasion. Class day is a feature of Commencement of modern introduction, dating back to within the memory of those still young, but it is rapidly supplanting the formal stage orations of former days, when candidates for degrees had to stand before the President who, clad in his cap and gown, assumed the dignity of a pagan court, and talked to them in an unknown tongue. A very good substitute it is, and judging from the crowded audience and the evident delight they took in passing scenes, a very popular one. The exercises admit of larger variety and are a better index to the public, of the talent of the class, than was possible under the old regime, so every body is interested in it. The class of '88 proved themselves fully up to the record of those preceding them. In fact, it is whispered around among themselves, that there never was a class quite equal to it. '88 outnumbered all preceding classes, and as for wit and wisdom, dignity and beauty, it is clear the Normal never saw the like before, and in all probability, will never see the like again. To all this the public, or so much of it as was in the chapel, Tuesday afternoon, give ready assent.

The exercises were varied and each was excellent in its way. From the polished essay and vigorous oration; from the sweet flowing numbers of the poetess, to the wit and humor of the Sybilline leaves, there was nothing wanting to make the occasion one of delight to the audience and a pleasant remembrance to the class.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. McCorkle of this city, after which Miss Florence Wood gave salutation and greeting.

The salutatory was original in thought and treatment. Miss Wood considered the typical American salutation as not well-

come, but "hello," as it is used by all classes, and therefore, as the representative of the class of '88, she bade the audience "Hello!"

The History of the class by Mr. Lewis Merriman, was a collection of interesting data, a faithful witness of incidents of school life and class individuality. The oldest member of the class was born in 1850; the youngest in 1871. Average age, 24 years. Prior to entering the Normal, the members were engaged in various pursuits: farming, teaching, clerking, fishing, bus-driving and waiting. It being leap year, it is slyly intimated that some of the young men are waiting still. A wide range of experiences are represented from the bicycle to the cyclone and measles. The class numbers 115, of whom 40 per cent. graduate in English, 30 per cent. scientific, 8 per cent. classical, 8 per cent. modern languages, and five per cent. in each of literary and musical courses. The nativity of the class represent all points of the compass, but most of the members are Wolverines. Politically 43 per cent. are republican, 20 per cent. democrats, and 37 per cent. prohibitionists. Only 5 were born with golden spoons in their mouths, while 60 per cent. have depended on their own efforts to get through. The biggest weights 170 pounds and the smallest 60 pounds. Forty per cent. favor woman suffrage and 30 are "agin" it. Several are already married and all expect to be, "some day." The entire history as read by Mr. Merriman was listened to attentively and the sharp points and witty allusions were relished keenly, by class and audience alike. Evidently there will be no lack of worthy successors to Hume, Froude and Bancroft if the Normal "keeps on" as it promises.

Miss Della Cook, the class essayist, took "Dandelions" for her theme. The dandelions grow everywhere—each filling its allotted place—on the wayside, in the meadow, in the sheltered valley, alone on the bleak upland. So is man given his allotted place. First the dandelion is brilliant in youth, then it grows gray—a puff of wind and it is gone. Man is the same. But when we say that the dandelion is gone, we mean that its seeds have scattered and found resting places in the earth and the next year will rise as a new crop of dandelions. So man's deeds live after him, and his thoughts are sown far and wide, to come up in many minds.

The Prophecy was read from a bunch of green leaves by Miss Watson and Mr. Patrick. It was written in Hiawatha metre and abounded in clever things. Mr. Walter French, the orator, spoke on "Concentration of Thought," illustrating by reference to war, business, study and other fields of labor. Above all, the teacher must be able to concentrate his thoughts upon one subject—the welfare of his school. Concentration is power. Messrs. Palmer and Key kindly repeated the duet "Trust Her Not," which they sang Monday evening, and as an encore, gave a very amusing account of the "Joys of Angling."

The poem by Miss Luna Shattuck was of unusual merit. The writer referred to the fates, and the threads of human life, declaring that life's threads were spun by our own hands, and described some of the threads—particularly that of memory. The va'dictory was given by Mr. W. D. Hill. He dwelt upon the profession of the teacher, referred pleasantly to the prophecy, and predicted that real life would probably be more practical, and closed with an earnest farewell to the Normal.

The class song by Miss Ruth Putnam was excellent. Too much credit cannot be given Miss Ida Wall for her charming and gracious presiding. We think the gentlemen would be willing to have leap year every year if they could always obtain so dainty and self-possessed a President.

At the conclusion of the regular exercises, Mr. D. W. Wilson, in the name of the class and in well chosen words, presented to the Ancient Languages Department, as a memento, beautiful busts of Homer, Cicero and Virgil. Prof. D'Ooge, the head of the department, speaking appreciatively of the work of the class and hopefully of their future, accepted the gift for the Institution.

CRESCENT SOCIETY REUNION.

All alumni of the Crescent society as well as the active members of the past year enjoyed an hour of reunion on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Luna Shattuck welcomed the returning members in a neat little speech, T. L. Evans, of '87, delivered the annual address, and a few short speeches were made by others. Music and ice cream made up the rest of the program.

The first reunion of this society was held last year, when only three or four old members were present. This year the number was multiplied at least by three. Should the present prospect for a still greater attendance next year be realized, those who instituted the custom may feel assured that they have been successful in their effort to broaden the field and elevate the standard of society work by uniting into closer brotherhood all Crescents.

ALUMNI REUNION.

The Alumni of the Normal were well represented at their social gathering Tuesday evening last. Among the many there we noticed Prof. C. T. Andrews, class of '86, now in charge of the schools at Michigan; Prof. Harry Thompson, of '87, Newberry, Mich.; Prof. D. E. Haskins of Concord, class '70, now Post Master, Supt. of County Schools, etc.; Prof. Warren Hull, class of '84, Albion; Prof. George Hodge, '79, Le Seur, Minn.; Miss Florence

Shultes, '83, Traverse City; Prof. C. T. Grawn, '80, Traverse City; Prof. J. K. Davis, '74, who has labored the past year in San Diego and goes to Memphis, Tenn., to take charge of the city schools; Prof. Wm. Ellis, '83, Detroit schools; Prof. C. W. Mickens, '86, of Utica schools; Prof. G. A. Osenga, Principal of Otsego schools; Mary B. Putnam, '79, hails from Minnesota; Mrs. Kimble of St. Johns, and many others whose names we did not learn. Ypsilanti bids you all, welcome.

The Alumni Association decided to have a literary program at the next anniversary, and chose the following officers for the year:

President—C. T. Grawn, Traverse City.
Vice President—Miss Eugene Glover, Cassopolis.
Secretary—Miss Florence Goodison, Ypsilanti.
Executive Committee—The President and the Normal Faculty.

T. L. Evans is selected as orator, and Prof. Bowen as necrologist, for the next reunion.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The inadequacy of Normal Hall was never more painfully realized than upon the assembling of the audience to witness the Commencement exercises, Wednesday morning. When every seat was filled, the broad front entrance and all the areas in the east half of the hall were packed with people, who stood during the whole three hours to the adjournment. Those standing were nearly as many as those sitting, and many turned away, unable to get in at all. Fortunately, the day was cool, and the discomfort was thus lessened.

The State Board of Education, Faculty, class representatives, and invited guests, filled the large platform, and three double rows of seats across the hall were filled by the members of the graduating class, which numbered 116, considerably the largest class ever graduated.

The music program contained five numbers. Following are the pieces:

Anthem—Arie! Shine, for Thy Light is come. Elvey.
Normal Choir.
Chorus—Excellor. Baile.
Solo—My Voice of the Choir. Macfarren.
Solo and Chorus—Obligato—Beautiful May. Schumann.

Mrs. F. H. Pease and Normal Choir.
Ypsilanti Sappho Club. Sullivan.
Normal Choir.
Prof. F. H. Pease, Conductor.
Miss Ruth Putnam, organist. Miss Jessie L. Pease and Miss Frankie Strong, pianists.

The songs gave hearty pleasure, and the lively glee, The Gypsies, was warmly enjoyed and responded to with the no less lively and decidedly charming "Dinah Do."

Following the anthem, prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Cheney, and the literary program was opened by Miss Emma C. Ackerman, of Bay City, with an essay entitled, Limited Learning, Limited Life. She, and the young ladies who followed, for the most part read their essays, which seems to us the proper thing to do. An essay is not an oration, nor a recitation. Recalling the quotation that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," Miss Ackerman drew a distinction between learning and education. A learned man is not always an educated man. Education is something more than learning, and always stimulates to continued growth, while a little learning may altogether fail of that.

Charles R. Fox, of Charlotte, discoursed of Patriotism. The patriotism of Rome, and other ancient nations, sought national aggrandizement through war and conquest, and many deeds have been done in that name which should bring the blush of shame to the cheek. Our own part in the Mexican war, for which men enlisted in the name of patriotism, was of that class. True American patriotism, however, is the love of individual liberty; and it was that which turned peaceful citizens into an army of soldiers, and the army back into peaceful citizens again, in our more recent history. Our flag is not the emblem of war, but of peaceful prosperity, to foster which is the highest patriotism.

Miss Jessie May Allen, of Hanover, had for her topic, Dr. Arnold at Rugby—Dr. Thomas Arnold, the hero schoolmaster. Miss Allen had the courage to appear in all the neatness of smoothly-brushed hair, a defiance of the prevailing style of rowled top-knot, which won for her some compliments in our hearing. Dr. Arnold reformed the spirit as well as the method of teaching; and it is from that reform that teacher and pupil are sometimes brought so near that it is soul to soul and heart to heart. The fruits of such teaching always remain.

The Responsibilities of Civilized Nations was the subject of an oration by Warren E. Conkling of Dowagiac. Development depends upon the state of society. The advancement of civilization must be in the line of free popular government, and the success of that demands higher culture in the people. The schools and churches are the important factors, and high education, more than law, will remedy errors and remove evils.

Miss Georgia F. Bacon, of Pontiac, gave Olympus as the title of her essay, which was an account of a council of the gods, held to determine what should be done to recover the authority wrested from them by the new god, Science. Their hold upon the fear and fealty of man had been lost, and there were sad complaints at the Court of Olympus. While they were in session, a company of audacious mortals actually invaded the sacred realm, and Barnum captured the whole assembly for his show. It may not be significant, but Barnum's agent was here that morning.

The oration of Wellington D. Sterling, of Lowell, dealt with The Evils of Partisanship in Politics, a theme that leads to the most satisfactory portrayal of other men's sins, of anything we know of. We have often descended upon the evil of sticking to a party through thick and thin, as the infatuated members of the other

parties persist in doing, and we well know the satisfaction with which Mr. Sterling warned them on the subject. He did it well, too, though his view that this is peculiarly an age of party, and of declining patriotism, is too pessimistic, and his declaration that the selection of candidates is commonly made regardless of fitness, was rashly unjust to the mass of patriotic citizens who labor with reasonable success to secure fit candidates.

Miss Ida L. Wall of Rockford entitled her essay, Infinity on the Side of Little-ness. Infinitesimal was the thought, and she discussed in pleasant phrase the marvels disclosed by the microscope, whose powers have not yet revealed any limit to minuteness in creation, and speculated whether that were not without limit—infinite.

Modern Journalism was the subject tackled by Walter F. Lewis, of Otsego. To the three forces of civilization, the family, the church, and the state, has been added a fourth—the press—and there is no limit to its future power. The outlook, however, is not altogether reassuring. If Mr. Lewis had read The Ypsilantian, he might have named a fourth that is engaged in setting a good example before the depraved members of the profession, and thus have found stronger ground for the hope he cherishes.

Reality from Ideality, an essay by Miss Rose M. Whitney of Richland, who found every reality prophesied and produced from the ideal—every fact conceived and born of a fancy. In mechanics, in art, in government, it is the same, the ideal conception precedes and causes the achievement. And in character, the struggle after the ideal helps toward the perfect man.

The closing oration, by Mr. Frank E. Stroup of Leavittsburg, Ohio, carried off the palm. It was entitled, Tools as Text-books, and was an eloquent and able plea for manual training. Emerson's complaint that we produce an education of words, not things, was too true. Mental perceptions depend upon the senses. The hand is the complement of the mind. The hand compels the mind to think, and trains it to accuracy of perception. It is not a proposition to substitute manual training for intellectual training, but to adopt a better method of intellectual training. The effort received the heartiest applause of all.

The interesting ceremony of presenting diplomas followed, the large class being summoned to the platform in four successive sections; and Principal Sill in a few words, extended to them congratulations upon the result of their labors, and good wishes for their future, with a fervent paternal benediction.

COMMENCEMENT DINNER.

The Ladies of the Library Association are proverbial for skill and generosity in supplementing the annual "feast of reason and flow of soul," which commencement week brings, with "the feast of fat things" but not "wine on the lees," unless "wine" is synonymous with coffee, ice cream and tropical fruits. These were in abundance and merit a unanimous vote of commendation, in behalf of the fair providers. To this feast which was so bountiful and tempting, 350 guests found their way from the graduating exercises in Normal chapel and they tarried an hour and a half in social, oratorical and gustatory enjoyment. To the reporter whose one delight was in the use of his lead pencil, the scene and sounds about the tables were emphatic evidence of good appetites and joyous spirits. Three hundred and fifty voices blended with the clatter of seven hundred knives and forks, in a concert of discords, which banished all thought of music except to ears adjusted for the occasion. Yet there were those there who insisted that it was music, compared to which "the music of the spheres" is a melody. Be this as it may, the hour was a joyous one, and a fitting close of a week in which there had been so much to delight, and so much to render it memorable, as well as somewhat to make it sad. We thought we saw some disappointed looks, when Hon. Mr. Jenks rose from his seat and called a halt and ordered a change of program. He appointed Principal Sill toastmaster for the occasion, who at once met the demands of the hour by drafting various eloquent and distinguished guests into the service, to gratify the popular demand for wit and humor, pathos and eloquence, and wisdom and advice. There was no rattle of small arms, whatever, but the artillery of the service opened at once. Prof. Grawn outlined what might be expected at the next meeting of the Alumni Association. Miss Ida Wall, President of the class of '88, spoke appropriately of things done and to be hoped for, while Hon. S. S. Babcock fired hot shot into some hypothetical personage, who had learned from rebel attacks, to "yell," and subsequently to practice law, and then to even make laws. Then, in the midst of distressing uncertainty on the part of the guests, as to what sinister purpose he entertained, he introduced the Hon. E. P. Allen. Amid the clapping of hands, Mr. Allen rose and in brief and fitting terms sat down on Bro. Babcock, by complimenting him highly and awarding him all due honors. Turning to the class who were about to go

forth to the battle of life, he addressed to them words which were weighted with good counsel and the wisdom which comes from years of experience and conflict. He spoke of their duty to the state, the claims which society holds against them and the necessity of courage and persistence in accomplishing the work for which these years at the Normal had fitted them.

Prof. Estabrook, from the storehouse of his experience, let fall many valuable gems which all teachers present would do well to gather and cherish. "If your work is to build up manhood and womanhood," he said, "your inspiration will come from close contact with your pupils." "Your best work will be done in the school room in close and loving sympathy with those in your charge, and with such a relation your own life and spirit will enter into the character of the pupil, and you, through them, will be immortal and your work perpetual." Mr. Babcock touched a practical subject when he said "the time will come in the lives of all of you, when you will be compelled to choose the less of two evils. The world is moved forward by slow approaches to the absolute right, and a partial good is better than a total evil."

After remarks from Wm. Campbell, Prof. George, Hon. Mr. Ballou, Judge Joselyn, Prof. Howell, and others, and a few parting words to the class from Prof. Sill, the happy company dispersed. Thus ended the doings of Commencement week, and a year of Normal life, the most successful and encouraging in its history.

ST. JOHN'S PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

The closing exercises of St. John's Catholic School, in charge of the Sisters of Providence, occurred Monday and Tuesday evenings, and were attended by crowded audiences of paying visitors. The program contained nineteen exercises for each evening—vocal and instrumental music, essays, recitations and dialogues—and the bright-faced little girls entered into the spirit of the occasion with eager delight, while their quiet and modest demeanor showed that, in addition to the regular studies, the important matter of deportment had received the careful attention of their teachers.

At the close, Father DeBever congratulated the pupils upon the advantages they enjoy and their faithful improvement of them, and admonished them that mere learning does not make the Christian. He drew some comparisons between the value from a religious standpoint, of Catholic schools and others, to the great disadvantage of the latter. If the Reverend Father had attended the closing exercises of the High School and the Normal from beginning to end, he would have recognized a prevalence of reverent and earnest religious thought that should lead him to rejoice, and to materially modify the impression he entertains.

Sad Death of a Student.

The Commencement season at the Normal is saddened by an event which has come with a great shock to the whole membership, and is peculiarly afflictive to the family immediately concerned. James A. Marks, of Starrville, St. Clair county, was a student who had worked hard, teaching a part of the time for means to continue his studies, and was to have graduated from the three-years English course this week, and go to a school for which he was already engaged as teacher. Last Saturday morning he went with some companions to the railroad bridge a mile above the city, to bathe, and was drowned. The body was recovered a few hours afterward. In the afternoon, his sister arrived here in anticipation of the pride and pleasure of witnessing his graduation, and was met at the depot with the dreadful intelligence of his death. The parents, too, had intended to come, but the mother was too ill for the journey, and they had awaited at home the return of the children, from whom they should hear the details of the occasion to which they had so hopefully looked forward. Instead, on Monday the weeping sister accompanied to that stricken home the lifeless form, followed by the tender sympathy and sorrow of all who had known him here.

It was only two years ago that a similar event occurred, when Ray O. Keeler of Grass Lake was drowned near the same place.

Mrs. Thos. White of Saline died last week, the burial occurring at Northville, Saturday.

Wm. A. Hatch, aged 73 years, died last week at Ann Arbor where he had resided more than fifty years.

Mrs. Harriet S. Brown, widow of W. T. Brown and second cousin to President Tyler, died at Ann Arbor on the 20th, of pneumonia.

Mrs. Michael Howard, aged 90 years, died at Manchester on the 15th.

Wanted.

Wanted—To sell or trade a nice lot of household goods, nearly new. A bargain. Inquire at southeast corner Forest avenue and Perrin street.

*4424

A large stock of serpents, the boys all want them, at No. 5 Congress street. For sale by A. A. Graves, the Grocer.

See the great fireworks windows of A. A. Graves, the Grocer, at No. 5 Congress St. A beautiful display of novelties in this line.

Men and women, boys and girls all go where they can find the nicest selection of fireworks. The celebrated Excelsior fireworks are the best. For sale by A. A. Graves, the Grocer, at No. 5 Congress St.

The Upsilon.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1888.

HARRISON AND MORTON.

The republican convention has done its work well. Gen. Alger's Michigan friends, who have supported him so zealously and loyally, may feel some degree of disappointment at their failure, but they can have no shade of dissatisfaction with the ticket nominated. They loved not Harrison less, but only Alger more. Gen. Harrison is a strong man in this state, and he is a strong man in the whole country. A brave soldier when the nation had need of soldiers, he discharged his duties in the field with honor and rose through all the grades to the brevet rank of Brigadier General; and when an important political trust was put in his hands, he performed with equal fidelity and honor in the national Senate. Irreproachable in private life as in public, he has the love and devotion of the people of his own state to a degree that removes him from the doubtful list, and the confidence of the people at large to a degree that inspires his party throughout the nation with the assurance of success.

Forty-eight years ago, the democrats had unanimously renominated their President, Martin Van Buren of New York, as they have now unanimously renominated their President, Grover Cleveland of New York. The whigs then nominated Gen. William Henry Harrison against the New York democrat, as the republicans have nominated Gen. Benjamin Harrison, the grandson of the other, against the New York democrat now. The democrats then thought they were sure of reelecting Van Buren, as they have proclaimed that they are sure of reelecting Cleveland now; but Gen. Harrison swept the country then, and marched triumphantly to the presidential chair, as Gen. Harrison will do now. That Gen. Harrison was a soldier who had bravely fought the enemies of his country in the field, and had served one term as a Senator in Congress, and this Gen. Harrison has been a soldier and bravely fought the enemies of his country in the field and has served one term as a Senator in Congress. The sign is manifestly right, and the Albany Regency should get out of the way at once.

The nomination of Gen. Harrison is admirably supplemented by the choice of Levi P. Morton of New York for Vice President. He is a man of irreproachable character and fine abilities, strong in the confidence and regard of his own great state and of the country; and his association upon the ticket is one calculated to insure harmony and united and hearty support in that important state, and to carry our cause to final victory.

Upon another page of this paper will be found the platform and the detailed proceedings. "The practice of profane swearing," said George Washington, "is a vice so mean and low that no gentleman can ever be guilty of it." These words of the Father of our Country may present a view of the subject that is new to some. That profanity is a vice, is a fact neither new nor important to many who practice it. That it is a low vulgarity, making those who indulge in it, objects of loathing and pity to every gentleman, is another view of the matter, not always contemplated, we presume, and which to some might be a matter of more concern than the fact of vice. It is not less true, and we commend it to the attention of those to whom it may seem important.

The Lansing city council has instructed the city attorney to proceed for the suppression of three flash city papers, under the statute against obscene publications. The discussion in the council was decidedly healthy. One Alderman, turning around and looking straight at a reporter of one of the papers concerned, ex-cemeterist Irving Ira Crane, said:

"I am willing to let the papers and their reporters walk in their own way, but my friend in your next correspondence, the man who will lose himself to such degradation as this man has been guilty of, forget that he has a wife and mother, and if the latter is in her grave she may well turn over and curse the son to whom she gave birth. If ever did an act of which I am proud it was to relieve our dead at Mt. Hope of a wretch who is unfit to step into the hall of the living, for I did secure that man's removal from the office of cemetery trustee. Take that, too, to the paper that is circulated only among the slums of the lower classes."

The following record of the ballots for President will be interesting to preserve. Fred Grant and Fred Douglass, and Supreme Judge Miller, appear in the list:

Ballots	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Harrison	79	91	94	215	218	231	278	514
Grant	229	249	244	235	234	244	251	118
Alger	84	116	122	123	142	137	120	109
Gresham	114	109	123	98	87	91	91	59
Allison	73	73	88	88	99	75	76	59
Blaine	32	35	42	48	40	15	5	5
McKinley	2	3	8	11	14	12	16	4
Depew	99	91	91	91	91	91	91	91
Rock	25	29	16	16	16	16	16	16
Philips	25	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Talbot	20	16	16	16	16	16	16	16
Hayley	13	2	2	1	1	1	1	1
Lincoln	3	2	2	1	1	1	1	1
Miller	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Foraker	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Douglass	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Grant	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Haymond	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Total	830	828	830	827	827	828	831	830
Highest	229	249	244	235	234	244	251	118

Alum Baking Powders.

A list of those most prominently sold. The following are the names of some of the baking powders published by the public authorities as being made from alum:

Kenton,	Davis,
Silver Star,	W. & P.
Forest City,	Henkle,
One Spoon,	Ne Plus Ultra,
Empire,	Enterprise,
Empire,	Can't Be Beat,
Gold,	Eureka,
Victorian,	International,
Cook's Favorite,	Paritan,
Sun Flower,	Albany Favorite,
Jockey,	Golden Sheet,
Backeye,	Burnett's Perfect,
Peerless,	Silver King,
Crown,	Welcome,
Wheeler's,	Old Colony,
Carleton,	Crystal,
Gem,	Centennial,
Scoto,	Gen.
Zipp's Grape Crystal,	Gen.
Gen. Washington,	Windsor,
Fleur de Lis,	Sovereign,
Feather Weight,	Daisy.

There are doubtless many other brands of alum baking powder besides those so far examined and named by the authorities. Most of the baking powders sold in bulk, by weight, and all sold with a gift or present, are said to be of this description. Prof. H. A. Mott, United States Government Chemist says: "In my opinion, the use of alum as a constituent of a baking powder should be prohibited by law."

Growth as a Duty, and Its Conditions.

Baccalaureate Address to the Graduating Class of the Michigan State Normal School, delivered Sunday Evening, June 24, 1888, by J. M. B. Sill, Principal.

As the years move on, occasions like this assume to me a larger importance. I see more clearly than once I did that he who assumes to offer to a group of young men and women the last word of caution, advice or encouragement, upon the occasion of their changing the narrower life of the school-room for the thronging and multifarious activities of real life, carries a real responsibility; and this responsibility lies in the direction of missing a magnificent opportunity rather than of making any positive error. There was a time when I would have been content to entertain you with verbal pyrotechnics, or to astonish you with alleged flights of eloquence or with an array of "glittering generalities." Indeed, I remember when I would have been ambitious to do some such thing. But I seem to have outgrown such ambitions and I most fervently hope that the seeming corresponds with the fact. I am sure I do not care to talk to you for the sake of talking, nor of hearing myself talk, nor even for the purpose of rounding out in some perfunctory fashion my part of an ancient form of the established and conventional proprieties of commencement week. I feel profoundly that you have a right to expect of me earnest words that shall convey serious and fruitful thoughts plainly and convincingly expressed.

I stand before you to-night, hesitatingly and indeed half-reluctant and this for a reason given a moment ago, viz: that it is so easy at a time like this to miss a most valuable opportunity. And why is this opportunity an extraordinary one? Let us see. This is the opening day of a week that means great things to you. It means the closing of many long cherished hopes and bright anticipations. It means in some sense, the fruition of years of laborious yet joyful endeavor. Its notable events will be remembered by you so long as life lasts. Now, it is a law of the soul that impressions made upon it at such a time are deep and enduring. Memory links them together with bonds that are indissoluble and perpetual. They borrow intensity from their intense surroundings. They will last. They will persist indefinitely. You will be old men and women, gray-haired and tottering, before they will be forgotten. Whenever memory shall recall any one of the many cherished happenings of these few memorable days, along with it shall come unbidden, any words which I shall utter to-night, provided they are words which impress you. Of course this persistence in memory will be true only of what in some way makes its mark deeply upon your soul. If the impressions made are feeble, they will fade the more swiftly on account of the intensity of synchronous impressions. So if what shall be said to-night lack point or power or fitness, or the over-coming momentum that inheres alone in truth, an hour great with eternal possibilities shall be sadly and wastefully wasted. Hence the responsibility of which I am deeply conscious; hence the hesitation and the half-reluctance. But I rejoice in the opportunity, nevertheless. If I am able to say anything of real and lasting value, there could be no time more favorable. It is mine to strike while the iron is white-hot.

At this time of your utmost receptivity, at the hour when your minds, alert with the high tension of great interest and wholesome stimulation, can best grasp, assimilate, and make permanent whatever is fitly presented to them, it is my esteemed privilege to say to you such things as my larger experience of life moves me to say, for your benefit and advantage. I value this privilege, and God grant me wisdom to improve it to the uttermost, and to deliver to you his truth, who is the source of all truth, in such a way that every line of association leading out from these marked and eventful days shall, so long as you live, be paths upon which your minds shall return to the words which I shall speak, and, returning, gain help, comfort, and renewed courage.

I purpose to speak to you of the duty of growth, and if time shall allow, of the necessary conditions of growth. I woven into the very warp and woof of all human life, and especially in the larger life upon whose activities you are about to enter, there are duties to which it is wise to invite your attention. Of these most are plain and unmistakable. Few will fail to note them and to acknowledge that the obligations involved in them are sacred and binding upon all. Right-minded men and women will hardly fail to recognize, for instance, the duty of perfect and transparent truthfulness in word and in deed, of thorough honesty in all our intercourse with our fellow-men, of a kindly and liberal charity toward all, of abstention from thoughts and actions that degrade and demoralize the soul, from slanderous and even from censorious words, from hatred and malice and all uncharitableness, and from debasing secret sins.

In a plane of spiritual life a little higher there will be found a general and sincere acknowledgement of the duty and of obedience and love towards God to whom alone we owe life and our capacity for happiness now and hereafter. And along with this, recognition of the duty of perfect purity in thought as well as in deed, and of love towards our neighbors and even towards our enemies. Even those who fail most signally in meeting and fulfilling the obligations involved in these obvious duties are prompt to admit that they are binding and cannot be neglected without peril to the soul.

I have already called your attention to a duty whose claims are not so readily admitted and whose binding force is not so freely and fully acknowledged. A lawyer trying Christ once asked him "Which is the great commandment in the law?" and this was his answer: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind." This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. Here we have, compactly stated, the substance of God's will toward man. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. But neither these two commandments nor the Decalogue of which they are the terse but comprehensive condensation, touch in open and palpable words the duty which I desire to urge upon your earnest consideration to-night—the duty of growth.

It is the duty of cultured youth to bring up on the scripture texts, not conspicuously obvious in the letter of its teachings, but which are, nevertheless, fundamental and imperative. It must not be forgotten nor neglected by any who desire run towards the attainment of genuine manliness or womanliness in all its majestic dignity.

I use the word growth in its broadest and most comprehensive sense. I mean spiritual growth along all the lines indicated by the trine nature of the soul of man. Not growth in its physical aspects, for in the economy of the world that ends with early maturity. Not growth in the direction of knowledge alone, but growth of the whole soul, in understanding, in feeling, aspiration and desire, and in the power to choose and determine wisely, and to execute with swiftness, courage and efficiency. I mean growth in all that ennoble man and brings him nearer to God in whose image he was created, growth in all that is excellent and worthy of an estate of redeemed humanity, growth in grace and pureness of living, growth in the power to do and to conquer.

growth in love and charity, in sweetness and in strength and in mastery over every debasing tendency of the soul.

It is not my present attempt to set before you spiritual growth as something merely desirable and of great value to you, something needful and essential to your own highest happiness. It is indeed all this, but it is something more and greater. I instill upon it as a duty, urgent and imperative—a duty which has been laid upon you and from which you cannot honorably or justly escape, a duty which it is recreancy to shirk or neglect. I wish to oppose with the best weapons at my command, the prevailing and prevailing idea that continuous growth is a mere capability of the soul, a privilege that one may thankfully and gratefully accept to his own great gain and profit, if it pleases him to do so, but which he may also ignore or neglect at his own option and still be blameless; that whether there be growth or decadence, it is a matter of interest only to the soul that grows or withers. I affirm that it is not a mere option. I insist that it is not a mere privilege to be accepted or rejected at will, but that it is a duty of prime obligation—a duty for whose fulfillment we shall at the last be called to strict account. I would if I could, by the urgency and force of my words, lead every one of you into such status of mind that a year allowed to slip away without positive spiritual advancement, without substantial growth would be to you a year shamefully wasted, a year to be looked back upon with stinging remorse so urgent and so bitter that it would secure repentance and reformation.

I call your attention to the words of Christ as quoted above and ask you to read between the lines to find wherein they are suggestive of the topic of this discourse, and to discover to your own minds their logical and reasonable interpretation. I want you to understand that God nor man excuses remediable shortcomings: that it is not enough to say "I have done my best," if your best is below the fair measure of your capability to do. Is he obedient to the two great commandments "on which hang all the law and the prophets," who loves God and his neighbor with a narrow, half-developed, half-starved, scanty, plucked, and inadequate love? Why, the heart of man is capable of rich, strong, wide-embracing love, love as abundant as the waters of the immeasurable sea and constant as the unchanging pole-star, love that suffereeth long and is kind, that envieth not, that seeketh not its own, that vaunteth not itself; love that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; love that the fiery-souled apostle declares is greater and more enduring than faith which is able to move mountains, or hope, the eternal anchor of the soul. Instead of such love, shall a man offer something weak and changeful, something that has been choked by tares and thistles and stunted into deformity by his own neglect and then lamely and pusillanimously offer the childish excuse that he has nothing better to give?

Suppose, through my own default, through unworthy negligence of the means of growth with which I am lavishly supplied, my love is poor and unfruitful, meager in amount and worthless in quality, am I excusable because I have nothing more nor better in present possession? What was the word of the Master to the neighbor with a narrow, half-developed, half-starved, scanty, plucked, and inadequate love? Why, the heart of man is capable of rich, strong, wide-embracing love, love as abundant as the waters of the immeasurable sea and constant as the unchanging pole-star, love that suffereeth long and is kind, that envieth not, that seeketh not its own, that vaunteth not itself; love that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; love that the fiery-souled apostle declares is greater and more enduring than faith which is able to move mountains, or hope, the eternal anchor of the soul. Instead of such love, shall a man offer something weak and changeful, something that has been choked by tares and thistles and stunted into deformity by his own neglect and then lamely and pusillanimously offer the childish excuse that he has nothing better to give?

What is the meaning of loving with all the heart and mind and soul, if it does not mean to the ultimate limit of the potentiality of the heart, the mind, and the soul? Am I doing what my hands find to do, with my whole might, when I have through negligence of which I ought to be profoundly ashamed, allowed my might to degenerate into weakness, into the pitiful shadow of its capacity?

We owe service to our fellowmen. The limit of that debt is the limit of our possible capacity for helpfulness. The honorable soul will perceive that it has no right to cheat those to whom such service is due by failure to conserve and augment its power in doing.

How do right-minded men look upon those who do not live and act up to the limit of their power and possibilities. Not with lenient eyes I assure you. If I seek to pay a debt honestly due, with a begrudging ten cents on the dollar, pleading that I am helpless to do more, that I have given all I have, shall I be held blameless, if I have sat down idly and made no effort to obtain the means of paying it honestly in full? If food, comfort, clothing and shelter are due from a man to his wife and son, and he allows them to go naked and suffer pangs of hunger, will reasonable men excuse him because he gives them all he has, when they know that manful effort on his part would secure comfort and even abundance? If a man habitually meets his fellows with ill-natured frowns and continually offends them with rudeness and bores, will they excuse him because he has the best he has, when we know that he lives in a civilized community where he could, if he would, learn how to practice the decencies and amenities of life? Does any one whose opinion is worth the least heed in a good excuse for inefficiency and blundering incapacity? Does the law excuse the fool who takes life in festive spirit and then whines that "he didn't know it was loaded?" An architect undertakes the designing and constructing of a building. The limit of the strength of materials is ascertainable. Patient investigation and conscientious experimentation will discover it to any man who ought to put his hand to such a work. But this architect lacks adequate knowledge and skill. His conceit outweighs his merits. He has neglected his opportunities. He has failed to train himself with sufficient thoroughness in the details of his art. He piles a grand superstructure upon an insufficient support. By and by comes the inevitable catastrophe. Instead of a palace there is a wreck. Is he blameless because he builds as well as he knows? Shall he escape bitter condemnation because he used the utmost knowledge at his present command, and did the best he knew how to do in planning and constructing? No, men will say "Better knowledge was obtainable and he did not obtain it." "He might have made himself able to do better." And the condemnation is just, though he meant no harm and though he wrought to the outside limit of the knowledge in his possession.

Observe how the feeling that men ought to be held responsible to the extent of what they might be, as well as of what they actually are, has brought itself into the formulas of common speech. One says "I am responsible for another." He erred not maliciously but through ignorance. And the answer is ready, "He had no business to be ignorant." "He ought to know better." Another says, "His act was shameful and wicked, but he is not to blame, he is naturally depraved." But the common sense of mankind is in favor of such an excuse. It answers, "Why has he not made himself better? He could, if he

(Continued on next page.)

First National Bank,

Established 1863.

Capital & Surplus, \$100,000

Individual Liability of Stockholders, \$150,000

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W. L. PACK, Cashier.

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State Savings Bank,

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CASH CAPITAL, - \$200,000.

Four per cent. interest paid on Savings deposits. Deposits—R. A. Alger, T. S. Anderson, M. S. Smith, Hugh McMillan, E. J. Becker, W. K. Anderson, R. S. Mason, C. L. Freeman, G. H. Russell, W. C. McMillan, J. K. Burnham, H. C. Parke. Attorneys—Walker & Walker.

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Savings Department open every Saturday evening from 7 to 8 to receive deposits.

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If you are in need of

Seed Corn, Potatoes, and Beans!

FERTILIZER, DRAIN TILE,

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For anything that should be found in a stock of

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OR FANCY GOODS.

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The large stock of Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Trusses of all kinds, and prices always better than one-quarter off.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

Or do you think of using

Lumber or Paint

In large or small quantities?

If you are, you should at once call on

S. W. Parsons & Co.

DEALERS IN

BUILDING MATERIAL

AND

Carpenter's Supplies of All Kinds!

Lumber Yard and Factory north of Public Square, east side; Branch Office and Paint Depot, Worden Block, Huron Street.

BLOW 'EM UP.

Hereules Powder

—FOR—

Blasting Stumps and Boulders

—AT—

W. H. JUDD'S GUN STORE,

WASHINGTON STREET.

IT IS SAFE, AND EASY TO HANDLE.

C. S. SMITH,

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DEALER IN

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED

MEATS!

First-Class Sugar Cured Hams a Specialty.

Sausages of all kinds, made from best selected meats, always on hand.

Sausages cut for farmers and customers promptly and satisfactorily

Only the best Meats handled, and only the Favorite Prices, charged at the

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NEW SPRING GOODS

All the Latest Styles and Novelties. Everything desirable in the way of WEARING APPAREL for MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN. In

MEN'S CLOTHING

We have a large stock of SPRING OVERCOATS, and in SUITS, the Greatest Variety of Styles and Patterns we have ever shown in one Season. In

BOYS' CLOTHING

We have a Magnificent Line, and in CHILDREN'S KILT SUITS AND SHIRT WAISTS we have many New Styles and Patterns, and to the parent looking for the Best and Most Fashionable Garments for the Least Money we can offer Special Inducements.

ALL THE NEW SHAPES IN HATS & CAPS

As well as all the Latest Novelties in Gents' NECKWEAR and Furnishings. Our

MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT

Contains a Larger Assortment of the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FABRICS than any previous season, and our Prices are Lower than ever before.

C. S. WORTLEY & BRO.,

CONGRESS STREET.

Make Your Home Beautiful With Artistic Furnishing!

We invite attention to our carefully selected stock of

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Comprising the newest and most popular styles of

PARLOR SUITS, CHAMBER SETS,

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CURTAINS, MISCELLANEOUS FURNITURE

ALL AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Special attention given to Re-upholstering Parlor Suites, Sofas, Easy Chairs, Lounges, Hair and Wool Mattresses, etc.

JUST RECEIVED—A large invoice of Lace Curtains, from \$1.00 to \$10.00; Turcoman Draperies, Opaque and Holland Window Shades in endless variety, and an immense stock of Fine and Cheap Pictures.

Wallace & Clarke.

Be sure and see our stock before buying.

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OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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SPRING--1888--SPRING.

JOE SANDERS, the CLOTHIER

HAS A FULL LINE OF

Spring Woolens & Worsteds

—AND—

Mr. Fingerle, artistic tailor, will personally superintend all orders in this department, which insures a stylish and well-made garment.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

EAST.

JAMES REDPATH is now in Richmond, Va., recovering from his recent dangerous illness, but he will probably not resume literary work for several months.

A CHARMING figure at the recent private view of the Grosvenor Gallery was Miss Kate Greenaway, in a green plush gown, a figured silk shawl and a green trimmed hat.

BOULANGER was lately accused of wearing a wig, whereupon a correspondent called upon him and he submitted to having his hair pulled to show that the story was a slander.

Forty years ago George West, the Ballston paper manufacturer and well-known member of Congress, was working for \$7 a week, but he lived with in his means and has made a big fortune.

Mrs. RUTH MCENERY STUART, the latest writer of negro dialect stories, lives in New Orleans. She is a young woman, tall, dark-haired and fine looking. She has only recently taken up literary work.

JULIUS L. BROWN, of Atlanta, son of Senator Brown, has just returned from a flying trip to the West Indies, South America and Europe. He traveled 16,000 miles and was gone exactly ninety days.

The young Duchess Decazes, formerly Miss Winnaretta Singer, is tall and slender, with brown hair and big blue eyes. Her husband is a blonde, good looking and an irreproachably fashionable gentleman.

REV. DR. LEONARD, lately of Brooklyn and now rector of St. John's Church, Washington, who has been elected Bishop of Southern Ohio, will be the youngest member of the episcopacy, being just forty years old.

ZOLA damits, or claims, that each of his novels has brought him at least \$20,000. In reply to the criticism that he is no dramatist, he exclaims: "Ah! but the people do not care for literary plays, because thinking gives trouble!"

WHILE the late Matthew Arnold was in Baltimore, not very long ago, a young woman asked him to write in her autograph book. Above his name Mr. Arnold inscribed the following sentiment: "Not for this age nor for this people sing."

Mrs. E. J. NICHOLSON, editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, is a very attractive lady, of medium height, with a round girlish face, and would hardly be taken for the moving spirit of a newspaper that ranks among the very first in the South.

A PROFESSOR in the University of Vienna, long a sufferer through poison in the eye, was completely cured by having a rabbit's nerve attached to the old nerve. Dr. Gersuny, the assistant to the great surgeon of the world, Dr. Biltroth, performed the operation.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY says that a poet has no right to indict the public with verses which do not suit himself. This is all very well in its way, but the fact is that poets are apt to be too easily suited with their own productions. Mr. Riley is an exception in this particular.

QUEEN VICTORIA has commissioned an English artist to paint her portrait that she may send to Prince Bismarck, a pleasing souvenir of her visit to Berlin. This greatly relieves Bismarck's apprehensions. He feared that he would be called upon to accept an Indian shawl.

M. DUBARAIL at Paris received the presidents of the Napoleonic committees and restated the programme of the party. He said that an appeal to the people was the only means of rescuing the country from jobbers. He urged the necessity of Cæsarian rule and of contracting power in strong hands able to quell internal divisions in the face of foreign menaces.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, presiding in London at a lecture on Africa, made a speech in which he said that both political parties had shirked their duties in their South African policy and had done everything to get rid of their responsibilities. "This policy," he said, "has been a most conspicuous failure. We ought to accept our obligations and offer to protect friendly chiefs."

WILLIE K. VANDERBILT is seen on Wall street, New York occasionally nowadays, and the brokers eye him with the looks of a wolf gazing at a fat, sleek lamb. Young Vanderbilt has had his eyeteeth cut through, and he is not likely to plunge again into speculation to any great extent. His first, and what proved to be his last, venture into Wall street cost him \$2,000,000.

EX-PRESIDENT MCCOSH, of Princeton College, still keeps his residence in that town, and is as studious and hardworking as ever. He said recently to a friend: "I always work ten hours a day and that is the work of an average man. In vacations I am never idle, but generally do from two to five hours of solid work in writing or thinking. When engaged in writing a book I walk five miles each day, thinking much, of course, while walking. When I was a student the famous Dr. Chalmers, of Scotland, delivered a lecture to us on 'Systematized Work—Rest and Exercise.' I never forgot his advice."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

EAST.

There were thirty cases of sunstroke in New York Saturday, six being fatal. There were ten in Brooklyn with one death.

The "Thunderbolt" train on the Erie road was derailed at Whitehouse, N. Y., Saturday. Engineer Henry Trask was killed and several others injured.

Tony Hart, once in partnership with Harigan, was committed to the insane asylum at Worcester, Mass., Thursday. His disease is paresis and incurable.

Mrs. Lisle Lester, the journalist, died in New York Saturday.

Wholesale grocers from all over the United States met in New York Saturday, to form an association for the promotion of the sale of pure and wholesome articles of food.

The Amalgamated Iron and Steel Association and the bosses have not reached a settlement on the question of wages.

Four boys—Willie Croley, his brother Arthur, Frank Wright, and John Edmunds—were drowned while bathing in the canal at Philadelphia, Pa.

Alexander Grant, publisher of the *Banker and Broker's Railway Atlas* in New York, was arrested at Montreal, Ont., on a charge of embezzlement.

It is reported at Kingston, Ontario, that when Mr. Blaine has completed his tour in England and Scotland he will spend a few weeks among the Thousand Isles, the guest of Mr. Pullman.

The American Loan Trust company of New York has begun suit against the builders of the Cresson & Clearfield County Railroad in New York charging them with producing a loan of \$675,000 by fraud.

Joseph Bell was killed and Jo McNabb and William Bayless fatally injured by the explosion of an engine's boiler at Keyser, Md., Friday.

The most destructive conflagration in the history of Western Pennsylvania occurred at DuBois at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon. At 11 o'clock, it was reported that all that remained of a beautiful and thriving city of 10,000 inhabitants was a mass of smoldering ruins. A terrible phase of the catastrophe is the loss of thirty lives. This report, however, is not verified on account of the lack of means of communication, all telegraph wires having been cut or burned. The loss is estimated at \$2,500,000.

The mother of General P. H. Sheridan died Tuesday afternoon in her home at Somerset, Ohio, aged 57 years and 2 months. Fire in a tenement house at Second street and Second avenue, New York, early Wednesday morning resulted in the death of one man and the burning or wounding of a dozen persons. Three women are in a dangerous condition, and two men and two women are suffering from smoke inhalation. The financial loss is about \$7,000.

The body of T. Harrison Garrett, who was drowned last Thursday night, was recovered Tuesday morning, and brought to Baltimore.

At Buffalo, N. Y., Tuesday, Andrew Howard, aged 14, cash boy in Barnes & Hengeler's dry goods store, was detected in an attempt to steal a watch, and after confessing that offense he was led to admit also that he had started the fire that consumed the firm's store and stock Feb. 1 last, causing a loss of a million dollars, saying he did so from anger at a floorwalker who had refused to let him off to attend a funeral. Since that time he has made two attempts to burn the firm's premises, but was prevented because, he said, he liked to see a big fire.

At Philadelphia Tuesday Mrs. Sarah Jane Whittington confessed to having poisoned her two children, Bertha, aged 9, March 24, and Willie, aged 2, May 26. Her husband, who died March 20, was also found to have been poisoned on post-mortem examination, but he insisted that he took his own life on account of despondency, caused by poverty, though the family had been well off.

League ball games Tuesday resulted: Chicago, 4; New York, 2; Boston, 4; Detroit, 2; Philadelphia, 4; Pittsburgh, 3; Washington, 5; Indianapolis, 1.

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ENCHANTMENT.

The sails we see on the ocean
As white as white can be;
But never one in the air or
As white as the sails at sea.

The clouds that crown the mountain
With purple and golden light
Turn to old gray mist and vapor
If ever we reach the height.

The mountains wear crowns of glory,
Only when seen from afar;
And the sails lose all their whiteness
Inside of the harbor bar.

Oh, distance, thou dear enchantment,
Still hold in thy magic veil
The glory of the far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail.

Hide in thy robes of splendor,
Oh, mountain, cold and gray,
Oh, sail, in thy snowy whiteness,
Come not into port I pray!

—Charlotte Perry, Chicago.

SONG OF THE SWAN.

Translated from the French of
Georges Ohnet for The
Chicago Herald.

V.—CONTINUED.

"So from this beloved angel you will separate me forever? The pious adoration which I should have bestowed upon the dear dead will be forbidden me. Near her I shall not have the right to pray nor to weep. To the despair of her loss you add the horror of an eternal separation. What might have soothed the anguish of my heart you take from me. It is asking my life. So be it! I give it to you. But at least let my sacrifice be generously compensated. Be as indulgent to your daughter as you are cruel to me. Let each of my tortures procure her a joy, and since for all her smiles I want to give tears, avenge yourself well and make her very happy."

Lord Mellivan did not appear to understand Stenio. Inflexibly he went on toward the end that he had fixed upon. Only through Maud's death was Marackzy to be struck. Who knows what his reply would have been had he been offered the choice between the recovery of his daughter and the accomplishment of his vengeance. What a frightful debate might have occurred between his rancor and his tenderness.

But Maud was lost. There remained nothing but to punish. The Marquis turned sharply toward Stenio and appeared to demand if he had anything more to say. The musician was motionless, overwhelmed. Then, going to the door, the Marquis opened it and said:

"I think that you may go. In an hour I will be with my daughter. But as I do not desire to live in the same city with you I inform you that this evening I shall start for England."

Marackzy bowed without a word and departed. The Marquis heard the noise of his steps on the staircase, then on the deck. When the sound had ceased he drew a deep sigh, and seeing Kitty, who had run in anxious to hear the result of this terrible interview, he held out his arms, pressed her to his bosom and burst into tears.

VI.

The sight of her father seemed to revive Maud. She regained some of her lost strength, surmounted the horrible gloom that beset her and became cheerful. She could rise and take the few steps to the window. There she passed delicious hours warmed by the balmy light of the sun, caressed by the vivifying breeze of the sea, and diverted by the joyous movement on the shore.

Any one but Stenio might have believed that the doctors were mistaken, and that Maud still had enough vigor to conquer her disease. But with a singular penetration the great artist realized the condition of his wife exactly.

He saw her, momentarily exalted by an unlooked-for joy, battling against the feebleness of her body. But he knew that the contest would not be victorious, and this fictitious energy ceasing that poor Maud would fall again like a wounded bird.

He watched with a stricken heart this revolt of youth so strongly attached to life, and believing still that it was only a slender thread that retained her, he cursed the days that flowed away so rapidly, full of anguish at thoughts of a to-morrow that might bring misfortune.

As he had said, Lord Mellivan had left for England, but Daisy and Harriet had remained behind. The constant presence of these two women contributed to maintain Maud in this moral well-being, so new for her that it seemed to bring her health.

Every morning the young girl came with her governess, and the house brightened with her presence. She went and came, sang, interrupted herself to kiss her sister, and diffused around her the ineffable charm of her youth and gaiety.

Maud, silent, looked at her, and it seemed as if all that she had suffered was only a painful dream. Nothing of all that troubled her life was true. She had married Stenio with the consent of her father; she had never quit her native country; she had not been separated from her sister. And the golden-haired angel so much deplored was not dead. He was growing up to manhood.

When the reality suddenly reappeared to her she closed her eyes, not to lose the sweet illusion, and said to herself: "It ought to be so; it is so, and I am happy."

She experienced a melancholy joy in talking of the past with Harriet and Daisy. Like a sympathetic cortege, all the friends, lost for the three years, passed before her eyes. For entire hours she lost herself in recollections of the past. She thus forgot all the troubles and fears of the present and began to be happy.

When Stenio saw his dear patient thus distraught he went away noiselessly, and, relieved of restraint and relaxing the lines of his face, contracted by a smile of command, he left the house to wander alone. He reached the summit of the cliffs, and, sitting down on the thin and yellow grass, with immense solitude of the sky and sea around him, he lost himself in his reveries.

He listened to the moanings of the storm at his heart, and little by little these moanings assumed a musical form, and songs expressing despair

welled up in his inspired brain. In hearing these harmonies, which, born of grief, expressed it with such infinite intensity, he experienced a nameless torture. He endeavored to silence his terrible imagination. But his genius, vainly confined, spread its wings and like an eagle which bears a trembling prey in its claws, bore him away.

Funeral marches dismal as a knell for the dead, and lugubrious rhythms like the steps of pall-bearers, full of sighs and of sobs, resounded in his thought. At the foot of the cliff the waves broke against the rocks, sounding an incessant bass. And in prey of his hallucinations, Stenio remained as motionless as a haunted being. He cursed this demon of music which had irresistibly seized him and imparted the artistic form to his grief to which he had devoted his life.

At moments more calm he gazed at the immense expanse of waves which extended beneath him until lost to view.

He thought that in these cold waves he might find forgetfulness, calm and silence. But Maud's pale face, rising like a white phantom before him, recalled him to his duty, and weary and sad he descended toward the village. He passed through the street without responding to the salutations, and entered Maud's chamber with a calm and cheerful face.

At this watering resort during the long days passed at the Casino, on the terrace, and along the shore there were to be heard no end of scandals and calumnies. The races had attracted to the little Normandy coast the flower of the throng whose sole occupation is to amuse itself. The last scandal, caused by the flight of a pretty Spanish marquis with a young Jew banker, was exhausted. Not the least little bit of gossip to tickle the tongue! It was decidedly tiresome at this sea shore!

So with what enthusiasm was the sister Elizabeth received when she expressed to her committee of lady patrons the regret that Marackzy had decided to appear no more in public. Solely occupied with the prosperity of her work she had asked herself ever since the rencontre with Stenio at the Hotel Royal how she was to obtain his consent to play for the benefit of the orphans. And while absorbed with speculations on her chances of success, the lady patrons began an inexhaustible gossip, recalled Maud's adventure, spoke of Lord Mellivan, whose name they hardly knew, dramatized the flight of his daughter, showing her to have been pursued by her father on horseback and to have been compelled to hide with Stenio in the woods. And the whole story of the poor dying girl was gone over, disfigured, exaggerated by the gossip of those charming idlers capable of speaking ill of themselves rather than not to speak at all.

"There are lengths that love doesn't excuse," said one of these ladies with a disdainful gesture. "How can any one possibly elope with an artist?"

A young duchess who bore an illustrious name replied:

"My dear, you can never have heard the wonderful Stenio? Then do not speak lightly of the love he is capable of inspiring. I have known women with whom he might have done what he pleased."

"Nonsense."

"Women whom you know well. The influence of a virtuous on poor beings who, like us, are at the mercy of their nerves is undeniable. The most extraordinary passions have been excited by musicians. When our admirable Vignat with his satanic heart was at the piano singing the airs from his Mephistopheles, I have seen women fascinated, enthralled like birds by a serpent. And Marackzy is young and handsome. For his accomplices he has your eyes, ears, your whole being, Marackzy! Say no more about him. Try only to get him for our concert and you will see for yourselves."

"But how is it to be done?"

"Only his wife can obtain his consent." But how to see her; would she receive me?

"Oh, Duchess, you must try it," cried the sister Elizabeth. We will be so grateful, my little orphans and I. The handsome Duchess reflected.

"I have not seen Marackzy since I was in Venice. Would he recall me? And his wife—Bah! I will try it. It is for the poor."

One evening, in returning from his accustomed walk, Marackzy found a lady awaiting him. The room was darkened and, after saluting her, he was about to go on, when she rose rapidly and approached him with an extended hand.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Marackzy! Ah! You do not recognize me. Am I then so changed?"

As he hesitated in asking himself whether he should not escape rather than endure her outpour of words, the lady took him by the arm and led him to the window.

"And now am I obliged to name myself?" she asked with assurance. Stenio smiled with a constrained air, and said:

"Excuse me, Duchess, I think I have lost a few of my wits during the past few days."

It made a new attempt to escape, but the lady had begun the battle, and had no intention of allowing the enemy to escape. She sat down on a sofa, and Marackzy felt constrained to sit down at her side.

"How many trials you have had since we met!" she said in an insinuating tone. "Believe me, that I have pitted you with all my heart. None of your admirers could be indifferent to your sorrows. What a void your withdrawal has made in the musical world! What regrets! But fortunately your charming wife is better, I have been told. O, how pretty she was two years ago at Vienna. And how extremely amiable! May I have the pleasure of seeing her?"

Tired of this chatter, Stenio coldly replied that it was impossible; the doctor had forbidden it. He sat without speaking, waiting impatiently for his visitor to go. But, without stirring, she repeated in different tones:

"How unfortunate! How unfortunate!"

And she looked around her apparently to find a door ajar through which she could slip into the sick lady's chamber.

"What was the object of your visit?" Stenio then asked, impatiently.

The handsome blonde clasped her hands and trying to give to her countenance a very sorrowful expression, said:

"Ah, my dear artist, there is so much misery, and you are so powerful. A word spoken by you would suffice to save many unfortunates. Shall we address ourselves to your generous heart in vain? Say yes, without knowing what I want. You will not regret it, and we shall be very grateful."

Marackzy listened no longer, and interrupted the patroness.

"You came to ask me to play in a concert," said he, "it is useless; I will not consent."

"It is for the orphans."

"If you need money for your poor I will give it," said he. "But to play, to appear in public when I have death in my heart—don't expect it."

He had raised his voice, and a glow of anger flushed his face.

"Don't insist, madame, he added, almost rudely, on seeing the duchess begin a new effort, and drawing his purse from his pocket he took out some bank bills, which he placed in her hand. Then saluting her with a grace in which the charming Stenio of former days appeared for an instant, he said:

"No. It is I who am under obligations to you." And showing the lady to the door of the vestibule he bowed a last time and went into his apartment.

Maud had just retired, and Daisy was sitting near the bed reading aloud. At the sight of her husband Maud raised on her elbow and asked:

"With whom were you talking, Stenio, and what is the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear."

"But it seemed to me that I heard the voice of a woman."

"Are you jealous, Maud?" said the musician, with a feigned gaiety.

"No, but I am curious."

"Ah, well, my love, they have heard that we were here, and have come to make the usual annoying request that I play in a concert."

"For the wretched, probably," interrupted Maud.

"Of course. That is the great excuse," replied Stenio, with bitterness. "The wretched! Is it only the poor that are wretched?"

At this allusion a shadow passed over the brow of the patient. Marackzy stopped at once, and, more calm, said:

"I am full of pity for their misery, Maud. I have given for these children in your name and mine."

"Ah, it was for children," she said with a sigh.

She lay silent, her eyes fixed and moist, and then said in a low voice, as if she was talking to herself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some Husbands and Wives.

Convention prevents a Yoruba wife from either speaking to or even seeing her husband, if it can be avoided, and the rude Alutian Islanders have the same regulation about speaking.

In parts of the Fiji Islands a husband and wife, if they wish to meet, must meet in secret; a similar secrecy is or was obligatory among the Circassians, and even among the Hotentots.

But the African kingdom of Futa bears off the palm in these respects, if an old traveler is to be credited, who assures us that wives there were so bashful as never to let their husbands see them without a veil for three years after their marriage.

STATE NEWS.

A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

—At Carthage, John S. Dreano, the eight-year-old boy, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for one year and to a fine of \$200.

—Clarence L. Berry, son of O. F. Berry, mayor of Carthage, was drowned while swimming in a pond. The body was recovered.

—Charles G. Brittain, 20 years of age, while swimming in Rock River, at Moline, was killed by a crocodile.

—James S. Duke was arrested at Chicago and taken to Elgin for embezzling several hundred dollars from his employer, Charles Oliver, of Beloit, Wis.

—Miss Mabel Fowler, of Village Grove, was bitten by a huge rattlesnake as she was passing through a field on her father's farm. It is feared she cannot live.

—A horse belonging to J. Essex, of Danville, ran away, and dashing into McFadden's drug store ran through the whole length of it and down stairs into the cellar.

—At Decatur, Rev. J. W. Tyler, aged eighty-two, was fatally injured by being kicked in the head by a horse. He was the oldest and best known minister in central Illinois.

—The case of the State Board of Health against J. W. Gay, an Indian medicine man of Kirkwood, for alleged violation of the state medical code, has been settled by Gay paying a fine of \$100 and costs.

—The Alumni of the University of Illinois, at Champaign, held their annual meeting. The literary exercises were of a high character. C. G. Vealey and Rev. McPherson, of Chicago, were present.

—Attorney Solomon, of Chicago, made an application to the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus for William Sigismund, who was sent to the penitentiary from Chicago, for abducting and shamefully mistreating Anna Hirsch.

—A well-dressed and respectable appearing stranger was killed at Newburg by the cars, his head being crushed from his body. There were no papers on the unfortunate man's person indicating who he was, or where he belonged.

—The City Council of Joliet, fixed the salary of the city engineer, from \$1,000 by a vote of 10 to 30. There has been a war of wages between the Mayor and the steel company for \$3,000, but the aldermen seemed convinced that the people were satisfied with the \$1,000 license.

—After thirteen days of prohibition, a heretofore almost unprecedented state of affairs in Aurora, the high and low license question, compromised on a \$305 license and the license ordinance goes into effect immediately.

—The parties injured by the Shelby Circus catastrophe at Odell, are all doing well. While Mr. Shelby was not under any legal obligation to pay wages, he paid all parties injured sufficient sums to discharge all expenses incurred. The company left here for Fairbury.

—At Galena, the cornerstone of the new Annunciation Catholic school building, named Feehan Hall, in honor of the Archbishop of Chicago, was laid with the usual ceremonies. Rev. Thomas Pope, of St. Macdonald's, Chicago, delivered the address.

—H. M. Sloan, a workman in the rolling mill at Joliet, met with a horrible death, a red hot steel rail, running from the rolls to the saws, passing entirely through his body. The old man could not see well, and attempted to pass in front of the rail as it came along the rolls.

—Robert Fulton, a prominent farmer of Wythe township, near Warsaw, was instantly killed by a bale of hay crushing him. He was prominently identified with horticultural and live stock interests in Hancock County, and was connected with an extensive importing live stock concern.

—A passenger train No. 2 east on the Burlington road ran into a freight train across the main line at Buda. The engine and baggage-car of the passenger train were demolished, and several cars of the freight train. The baggage-car was considerably bruised up, but no one was injured.

—Children's day was observed by the Methodist Episcopal Church in Moweaqua, Ill. The church was decorated with floral designs. Rev. J. D. Fry, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Moweaqua, delivered an address in the morning and at night a select program was presented.

—A suspected body of Daniel S. Sweeney, a Santa Fe railroad conductor, of Fort Madison, was found on an island opposite Nauvoo. Sweeney disappeared mysteriously last fall, and it was thought he had been murdered. As a large sum of money was found on the body, it is now believed he was drowned by accident.

—At Rockford, a horse driven by Morris Goggins was frightened by a train and jumped over a twenty-four foot embankment, carrying buggy and driver. Goggins was instantly killed, but not a trace of injury could be found on him, and it is thought he died from fright. Mrs. Theodore E. Buck, who was in the vehicle, jumped out just as the horse leaped, and escaped unhurt.

MICHIGAN.

—"Your Uncle" J. De Spaulding, of Port Huron, owns a cat twenty-one years old.

—The Benton Harbor Argus has been seized for judgment for \$500, and the plant was appraised at \$250.

—The Grand Lodge of Orangemen will hold its next meeting at Cheboygan, the second Tuesday in June, 1889.

—William Miles, of near Shepherd, killed two large bears recently. They weighed respectively 250 and 200 pounds.

—At Grand Rapids, Capt. Wright L. Coffin suffered a stroke of paralysis, and physicians say he cannot recover.

—Since 1887, the number of sheep in Michigan has fallen off 34,444, or 2 per cent. The wool clip will be about 11,900,000 pounds.

—A man named Barney, who is credited with being a reformed actor and drunkard, is giving temperance lectures at Northville.

—The men employed in the big flour shed of the Grand Trunk wharf, Fort Gratiot, struck for more wages and lost their places.

—Oxford has four preachers—a Democrat, a Prohibitionist, a Republican and a Henry Georgeite—and they dwell together in unity.

—At Cadillac, Andrew Muckle, a railroad conductor, was instantly killed by a switch engine. He leaves a wife and family at Grand Rapids.

—A strong syndicate of Detroit capitalists has offered \$2 per share for a controlling interest in the Ropes gold mine at Ishpeming. There are 80,000 shares of stock.

—At Howard City lightning struck William Engelman's house and demolished a bedstead and other furniture, and perhaps fatally injured Mrs. Engelman's sister.

—The Michigan Condensed Milk Company, of Lansing, uses over \$100,000 worth of refined sugar per annum. A carload of their product has gone to Buenos Ayres.

—Charles Schaefer, living four miles from Minton City, cut his throat and gashed his arms with the intention of committing suicide. He is still alive but cannot recover.

—At Grand Rapids, Ernest Pearl, aged 12, went in bathing in Grand River, was taken with cramps, and was drowned before assistance could reach him. The body was recovered.

—In Saint Mary's River, forty miles from

Sault Ste. Marie, an iron box was found by a diver, which contained the body of a young woman. It is supposed that she was murdered.

—At Sand Lake George Mortens, aged 26, employed in Petrie's shingle mill, was fatally injured by the bursting of a wheel, a piece of which struck him, cutting through the abdomen.

—If all the Charlotte people were to die off at once it would cost the various life insurance companies \$100,000 to pay their losses if they could not successfully contest the payment.

—At Bloomfield, Calvin Young's truck Jay Allen with a spade, fracturing the latter's skull and the will die. Young has been arrested. Both the driver and the passengers were injured. The assault grew out of a quarrel over a round ditch.

—They had a tent meeting in the church yard at Mosherville while a funeral service was being held in the church at the same time. The funeral lamentations and the tent meeting hallelujahs clashed most inharmoniously, and the sexton read a sad lack of common sense management.

—A burglar grabbed Miss Inez Cameron, of Wayland, by the throat and told her to keep still or he would kill her. She kept on yelling all the same and then he fled. She identifies Rosarim Gigliotti, an Italian, as her assailant, and he stands a good chance of going where he can stay in nights.

—Secret Service Agent Abbott arrived at Port Huron from Detroit, and arrested Robert Judge and Thomas Prince of that city, and Ben Collins, of London, Ont., on a charge of selling counterfeit \$5 silver certificates. They were taken to Detroit for examination.

—The Michigan Legislation Association ended its second reunion at Lansing with a lengthy address by Gov. Jerome on the legislation of the State. The association elected officers as follows: President, A. Felch, Washtenaw; Vice-President, D. L. Cressman, Williamston; Treasurer, John Strong, Monroe County; Executive Committee: J. M. Sellers, Kent; D. P. Markey, Ogemaw; J. W. Bellamy, Montcalm; E. F. Connelly, Wayne, and C. E. Harrington, Oakland.

—Some months ago there was great excitement over a gold find near Ishpeming. The Superior Iron Mining Company made the discovery, but as it was organized for purpose of exploring and developing iron ore only, they could not proceed to develop the gold find until arrangements were made giving them authority. They have opened the shaft, which had been partially filled up, and rock running very high in free gold was found and thrown out by the first blast. There is no doubt but that a valuable gold find is within six miles of Ishpeming.

INDIANA.

—Brakeman Frank M. Kaylor, on the G. & R. I. road, fell from a car at Lima, breaking his neck, while the wheels cut off both his legs.

—At Columbia City, Henry Hueller, made temporarily insane by brooding over imaginary slights from his relatives, committed suicide.

—At Brazil, Charles Anderson, a miner, committed suicide in a saloon by cutting his throat. He was forty-five years old and married.

—The body of Henry Umbach of the Utica (N. Y.) Globe, was recovered from the river at Maumee. He had been robbed and the remains were buried.

—Mrs. John A. Kuhns, of Colburn, committed suicide by shooting. Mrs. Kuhns was a bride of two months, and her strange act cannot be accounted for.

—Millions of locusts have landed at Crown Point within a few days and their noise in the timber in wonderful. They have already commenced devastations on timber and in some fields of grain.

—The new electric-light system has been inaugurated at Wabash, and proves to be a great success. There are 129 incandescent lights scattered over the city, which is now thoroughly lighted. The Heister system of lighting is being used.

—At Winamac, two fatal cases of sunstroke occurred on Market street, resulting in the death of William Burris, a wealthy farmer of Jefferson Township. A few hours later Mrs. John Baker of Tippecanoe Township was stricken down.

—Dr. Case, of Velpen, who was poisoned by the prick of a needle while making a post-mortem examination died in convulsions. Another physician, Dr. Hatfield, who assisted in the examination, was also poisoned, but his life was saved by cauterizing the wound.

—William Brinning, an inmate of the county jail at Peru and the only witness to the murder of John Kephart by Adelbert Boyer in his cell last month, was caught in the act of breaking jail. He was placed under \$2,000 bonds to appear as a witness in the case, which comes up in White County in September.

—Mose Barusch, a worthless young man about Seymour, induced Mrs. Miller, a soldier's widow, to intrust him with \$400 and a valuable gold watch to purchase for her a saloon and restaurant. A few hours later he left the city and has not been seen since, although officers started in pursuit. He is probably in Chicago.

—Allen, Nethercutt was robbed of \$30 and a horse and buggy near Idaville. He was out with John Penny, when they met two strangers, who, with Penny's assistance, waylaid him. Nethercutt had \$30 which he refused to hand over. Penny and one of his accomplices was arrested at Idaville and held for highway robbery.

—The army worm has made its appearance south of Columbus in great numbers, and crops are being destroyed by them. George Fisher has had forty-five acres of wheat entirely destroyed by the pests. The heads were eaten off and the blades stripped clean. Several other fields in the same neighborhood have suffered a similar fate.

—A stranger named Meyer, claiming to be from Fort Wayne, died in the county jail at Wabash. He had been placed in a cell for the night, being unable to procure lodging. The case was pronounced one of delirium tremens by the doctors. Persons living near the jail state that they overheard the prisoner beating Meyer shortly before his death, and think he was foully dealt by them.

—In the Circuit Court Charles Bivens, aged 20, who has a medal for being the champion roller skater of Terre Haute, was given five years in State prison for house breaking.

—Brewer was given a five-year sentence for robbing her paramour of \$600 while he was asleep. For several months and prisoners beating Meyer shortly before his death, and think he was foully dealt by them.

—The most novel craft of many years left Howard's Shipyard recently. It is a floating theatre and a museum, built for Eugene Robinson, of New Orleans. The theatre is a thoroughly equipped little gem, is lighted by electricity, and seats 1,000 persons. The museum is a two-story vessel, with the museum on the lower floor and the actors' and crews' quarters on the second floor. Each boat is 140 feet long, 36 feet wide, with a hull depth of 5 feet 3 inches. The boats, with the equipments, cost \$75,000. They will be propelled by the tow-boat, and the owner proposes to take them along the Ohio and Mississippi river during the summer season.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. Bowser's Trouble With Shirts.

When Mr. Bowser was courting me, I, girl-like, never noticed whether his shirt bosoms were white or black, or whether his collars were turned down at the ends or stood stiffly under his ears. I admired his nose and hair and eyes, and was in love with the shape of his head, and that was all sufficient.

I supposed he wore clothes, and I supposed he had shirts and collars, but as to who made them, what they cost or how they set was a mystery I never sought to solve. Mother had her eye on that young man, however. After looking him over two or three times she said to me:

"Sarah, if you marry him you'll have trouble—lots of trouble."

"Why, mother?"

"There's no why about it. He's too particular with his shirts and collars."

If they don't set just so, he's as uneasy as a fish out of water. I cured your father and in the course of ten years got him so that he would ride out on Sunday with one of my stockings for a collar, but you can never cure this chap."

"But I can make shirts and collars, and you know how

